

The second part of

Falst. Not so my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in some respects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of so little regard in these costar-mongers times, that true valour is turn'd Berod, Pregnancie is made a Tapster, & his quick wit wasted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age shapes the one not worth a goosbery, you that are old consider not the capacities of ys that are yong, you doe measure the heate of our liuers with the bitterness of your galls, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse are waggess too.

Le. Do you set downe your name in the scroule of youth, that are witten downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moist eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde short, your chinne double, your wit single, and euery part about you blasted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your selfe yong? fie, fie, fie, sir Iohn.

Iohn My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and something a round belie, for my voyce, I haue lost it with hallowing, and singing of Anshems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thousand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silke, and olde sacke.

Lord Well, God send the prince a better companion.

Iohn God send the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

Lord Well, the King hath seuerd you: I heare you are going with lord Iohn of Lancaster, against the Archibishop and the Earle of Northumberland.

Iohn Yea, I thanke your pretie sweet witte for it: but looke you

Henry the fo

you pray, all you that kisse my lady I
armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by
shirts out with me, and I meane not t
if it be a hot day, & I brandish any thi
I might neuer spit white again: there
can peepe out his head, but I am thru
last euer, but it was alway yet the trick
if they haue a good thing, to make it t
needs say I am an olde man, you shou
to God my name were not so terrible
were better to be eaten to death with
to nothing with perpetuall motion.

Lord Well, be honest, be honest, p
pedition.

Iohn Will your lordship lend me a
nish me forth?

Lord Not a penny, not a penny, be
beare crossles: fare you well: com
Westmerland.

Iohn If I do, fillip me with a three
no more separate age and couetousne
limbs and lechery, but the gowt gall
pinckles the other, and so both the de

Boy Sir.

Iohn What money is in my purse?

Boy Seuen groates and two pence

Iohn I can get no remedy against
purse, borrowing onely lingers and li
ease is incurable: Go beare this letter
this to the Prince, this to the Earle of V
olde mistris Virgula, whome I haue v
since I perceiud the first white haire o
know where to finde me: a pox of thi
pox, for the one or the other playes
toe. Tis no matter if I doe haule, I
color, and my pension shal seeme the